





3410
P O E M S

ON 392 28

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

ENTERTAINING, ELEGIAC,

A N D

R E L I G I O U S.

WITH A FEW SELECT POEMS FROM
OTHER AUTHORS.

By Miss C A V E. K

Now Mrs. W——.

B R I S T O L:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

M.DCC.LXXXVI.

W. Musgrave!



Y
E
M
T
T
C
M
I
B
V

TO THE
SUBSCRIBERS.

YE gen'rous Patrons of a female's muse,
Ere you my works with studious eye peruse,
My pen would first in humble strains impart
The genuine dictates of a female heart:
Thanks to my friends — and should my labours please,
Crown'd are my wishes, and my heart's at ease;
My time improved, my musing hours well spent,
If these conspire to give my friends content:
But Seward, Steele, or More, * hope not to see,
With gentle candour read the Author's Plea. **

* Celebrated poetesses.

** The first poet.

SI
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It is hoped no offence will be taken by any of the Subscribers, should any of their names be improperly spelt, or their titles of distinction omitted, as the Author had not the honour of knowing many of them.



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P O E M S

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.



THE

A U T H O R ' s P L E A .

WH O, with a Critic's eye, this book
runs o'er,

Detects perhaps, a thousand faults, and more,
Impartially the Author's plea must hear,
And then perhaps will cease to be severe.

B

When

When reason first adorn'd my infant mind,
To books and poetry my heart inclin'd,
And as my years 'advanc'd, the passion
grew,

And fair ideas round my fancy flew.

The Muses seem'd to court me for their
friend,

But Fortune would not to their suit attend.

She understood who proper subjects were,

To hold a converse with these airy fair,

Must be possess'd at least of independence,

That to the Muses they may give atten-
dance

By books and study fructify the mind,

And lead the genius where it was inclin'd,

The inauspicious Dame deny'd that I,

Should thus, where Nature's self inclin'd
apply;

mind, or she perceiv'd, I did the Muse befriend,
'd, and could my days in contemplation spend;
n et so contracted, circumscrib'd my line,
paus'd — if to discard the tuneful Nine.

or the Now duty calls my thoughts a different way;
ustice enjoins; I must her call obey.
attend so, when the Muses come on anxious wing,
were, some pleasing subject to my fancy bring,
r, bid them fly where peaceful leisure rests,
dence, 'Tis vain in me to entertain such guests.
ve att They oft affect a deafness, draw more near,
Declare that they can no repulses bear,
d, Demand admittance, vow they are inclin'd
clin'd, To stay till they imprint it on my mind.
I, Sometimes they are less bold, more shily
inclin'd come,
And with indiff'rence ask if I'm at home.

If duty will admit, I ask them in,
When some engaging converse they begin;
But ere, perhaps, the conversation's o'er,
Duty commands that we converse no more:
Now Duty's call, I never must refuse,
I rise,—and with a sigh myself excuse;
Tell them I must withdraw a while, and when
Duty admits I will return again.
Sometimes, till I return, they deign to stay;
Sometimes they take offence, and fly away,
And never on that subject visit more,
But bid me Fate's contracted hand deplore.
Thus what the Author to the world presents,
Appears through numberless impediments;
And what of praise, or of dispraise, you view,
To Nature and the Muse is wholly due;
This, she presumes, will candid minds suffice,
And for her each defect apologise.



O N

LOVE and WINE:

WRITTEN BY

Desire of P. G. Esq. of Winchester.

COME, descend ye gentle Nine!

Be Cupid too and Venus there;

When I sing of Love and Wine

Let Bacchus to my song repair.

Love, of ev'ry theme the best;

Where this celestial passion reigns;

Oh! the house, the heart, how blest,

Soft filken bands are Hymen's chains!

Love will ev'ry fault conceal,

With kindness each defect pass o'er;

Generously each good reveal,

And the minutest grace explore.

Those who wed for nought but gold,

As well may marble rocks unite,

In their flinty cliffs enfold,

And know Love's rapt'rous soft delight.

But when hands in wedlock join,

And their twin'd hearts unite in Love;

Peace is their's, and joys divine,

Next to those which reign above.

And should more auspicious fate

Bestow another blessing still ;

Deign our comforts to complete

Our boards with wine and plenty fill :

Wine

Wine will cheer the languid heart,
And Love each angry thought controul;
All that Nature asks, impart,
And fill with paradise the soul.



WRITTEN



WRITTEN BY THE
DESIRE of the Miss B - - - S.
OF WINCHESTER,
ON THEIR
PARTING WITH MR. AND MRS. G - - - N.

AH! gloomy, inauspicious day,
Which tears our charming friends away,
Which bids us from our G---n part,
And stamps their absence on our heart!
Let clouds and darkness veil the sky,
And tears descend from ev'ry eye.

Adieu, ye lovely happy pair,
Who all the social comforts share;

Love

Love, joy, and calm tranquillity,
Compose your blest society.

With you what happy hours we've spent,
In pleasure, mirth, and sweet content;
Alas! those pleasing days are o'er,
And you the B-----s blest no more.

But absence shall not damp our flame,
Freindship's pure lamp shall burn the same;
And while we have an ear, to hear,
The name of G---n shall be dear.





T O A
YOUNG GENTLEMAN

WHO PRESENTED THE
AUTHOR WITH A POEM,
IN COMMENDATION OF HER SINGING.

COULD I, arch youth, your flatt'ring lines
believe,

Were not your sex too subject to deceive,
I, like a credulous, unthinking maid,
Might be to thoughts of vanity betray'd ;
But, conscious my dull pipe no merit claims,
My soul, like a stern oak, unmov'd remains.
Where I assur'd that what those lines impart
Was quite the genuine language of your heart,

It

It surely would *demonstrate* a defect;
Which in my friend I wish not to detect:
Your sense and judgment 'twould at once
decry,
And prove you praise you know not what
nor why.

But I esteem your sense and penetration,
And thus conclude, from that consideration,
That all th' encomiums you on me bestow,
I to your skill in irony must owe;
Your sex are quite proficient in this school,
And may elate the vain, unwary fool.

While I good-nature in my friend admire;
While grace and perspicuity conspire
To make him all a parent can desire,
Yet would I say, as to the friend I love,
(For none so good, but he may still improve.
Would

Would you be thought a pleasing, hopeful
youth,

Let all you write or speak be grac'd with
truth.

Truth with resplendent lustre shews her face,
While falshood skulks, and sinks in black
disgrace.

As you advance in years, in virtue grow,
So shall you her transcendant blessings know.

Virtue and Wisdom are entwined friends ;
Who Virtue gains, true Wisdom apprehends ;

Heav'n guards his feet, and peace his
steps attends.

S P O K E N



S P O K E N E X T E M P O R E

To a YOUNG LADY,
 Whose Name was ORGAN,

O N H E R

Return Home after a few Months Absence.

W H E N tuneful instruments appear,
 They indicate some pleasure near,
 And if an Organ we behold,
 It doth a sacred theme unfold;
 It's one, it's chief, it's grand design,
 Is to break forth in songs divine.

C

Welcome

Welcome, fair instrument of praise,
Thy presence shall our spirits raise;
And that thou art preserv'd from ill,
Art an unbelmish'd Organ still,
That ev'ry pipe's in tune, rejoice,
And we'll accord in heart and voice.





T H E

W O M A N ' S
O R N A M E N T.

SYLVIA, as you descend from line to line,
I know your judgment will concur with mine.
Should passion with your better thoughts con-
tend,

In Reason's empire I've insur'd a friend.
While I attempt, tho' in a feeble strain,
My sexes brightest ornament t' explain.

It centers not in yon' unthinking lass,
Who murders half her moments at the glass,
That well drest cap, or better frizzled head,
With richest pearls and tow'ring plumes o'er-
spread,
That lovely easy shape, or graceful air,
Which at the ball eclipses all the fair;
That Angel's face, whose beauteous hues dis-
close,
The snowy lilly, or the blushing rose;
With iv'ry teeth, or more bewitching eyes,
Before whose lustre ev'ry brilliant dies;
With voice harmonious, or enchanting tongue,
With pointed wit, or elocution hung;
With these, O Sylvia! you may be replete,
Yet want the pearl which makes you truly
great.

But

But can you boast of wealth and store of
gold?

In you, some fordid minds the gem behold;
Possess of this, you'll meet each swain's re-
spect,

It strangely turns to beauty each defect,
Makes prudence, virtue, sense, and merit
flow,

From ground where folly, vice, and malice
grow.

But one esteem'd the wisest of the wise,
Beheld our sexes worth with other eyes,
And her pronounces, of the pearl possess,
Who's with a meek and quiet spirit blest,
Whose soul retains sound judgment, solid
sense,

And virtue, with religion's noble fence;

An humble, generous, free, exalted mind,
From all the groffer sentiments refin'd;
An heart sincere, sedate,—not apt to roam,
A mind domestic, ever best at home.
Be this my lot, my noble portion this,
And lo! I ask for no superior bliss.





C R E D U L I A ' S
C O M P L A I N T.

AH! why these tears,—this rising sigh,
These soft impressions yet;
Cannot such matchless perfidy
Compel me to forget?

Ye rural walks, ye verdant meads,
Ye solitary bowers,
Beneath your soft alluring shades
I've kill'd unnumber'd hours.

From

P O E M S.

From you alone I seek redress,
Perfidio's vows recal;
Perhaps you'll pity my distress,
For you have heard them all.

Ah! with what tears did he invoke,
What sighs my love implore,
A thousand tender things he spoke,
And look'd a thousand more.

Long did he seek CREDULIA's heart,
Ere she that heart could give,
Till Cupid shot that fatal dart,
Which bade PERFIDIO live.

Now words were wanting to express
The transports of his soul,
He hop'd no more,—must die with less,
Her will should his controul.

Still

P O E M S.

Still more as with her converse blest,
 The gentle flame increas'd ;
 'Twas Paradise within his breast,
 When her his arms embrac'd.

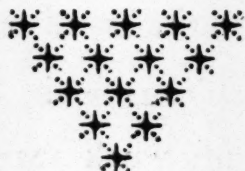
And should she ever prove unkind,
 Or with another wed ;
 He'd never change his stedfast mind,
 But join the peaceful dead.

I heard nor did the fraud detect,
 The treach'rous swain believ'd,
 Nor once did my weak heart suspect,
 I e'er should be deceiv'd.

But such I was ;—Yet still the tear
 Unwilling fills my eye,
 And still I find his Image hear,
 And still I heave a sigh.

But

But rise, my soul, with just disdain,
Discard the guilty youth,
Nor let him give thy bosom pain,
Who flies the path of truth.



MA

T

A

Tof

Disfr

Till

So c

Till



ON THE
MARRIAGE of a LADY.

To whom the Author was Bride-Maid.

AS the light bark on the tempestuous sea,
Toss'd to and fro, from dangers never free;
Dismay'd with fear, and mov'd with ev'ry
blast,

Till in a port her anchor's firmly cast;
So oft is mov'd Man's fluctuating mind,
Till it in wedlock a safe harbour find;

Here

Here, if the Soul meets but her destin'd
mate,

Her joys are full, her happiness compleat.

Be this your happy lot, my lovely friend,
Whose nuptial rites I this glad morn attend;
Whose humble, gentle mind for peace was
born,

Whom virtue, love, and innocence adorn.

Celestial graces dignify thy soul,

While pure religion all thy ways controul.

These noble virtues, which in thee abound,

Are haply in thy lov'd PHILANDER found.

His heart sincere, his temper soft and mild,

Nor torn by anger, nor with art beguil'd.

Such gentle arts alone should join their hands,

And find that Hymen's chains are silken
bands.

Their

Their emulation's not who'll reign supreme,
 But who shall love the most,—be most serene,
 Remote from vanity and wordly toys,
 Each seeks with each for more substantial joys.
 Tranquillity shall in their borders dwell,
 Nor discord once approach their peacefull cell,
 But mutually each other's grief they'll bear,
 As mutually each other's joys will share.

Thus, my lov'd friend, may you for ever
 prove,

The soft delight of harmony and love;
 May ev'ry blessing you can ask of Heav'n,
 To constitute your happiness be giv'n;
 If Heav'n bestows, with joy receive the
 prize,

If Heav'n withholds, 'tis best what Heav'n
 denies.

D

Thus

Thus sweetly may you pass your future life,
 Nor once repent that you became a wife;
 That you declin'd the pleasing name of B---m,
 And that alone preferr'd of H---rag--m.

F R O M

EUSEBIA to FIDELIO

ERE you, FIDELIO, these soft lines shall
 view,

We shall have spoke that painful word
 Adieu!

I know the anguish of your faithful heart,
 I know you thought it more than death to part;
 But now 'tis done;—The dreaded trial's o'er,
 Your lov'd EUSEBIA you behold no more.

No more on willing feet together walk,
 Or of our joys, or of our sorrows talk;
 When each, as to a friend sincere and kind,
 Disclos'd the fond emotions of the mind.

Days, weeks, and months must in succession
 glide,

Ere you, again, will join EUSEBIA's side.

O'er hills and dales she takes her distant flight;
 And mountain tops obscure her from your
 sight;

Long lanes, and fields, and meadows cloath'd
 in green,

And many a weary step, lies now between.

Perhaps, ere this, a tear bedews your eye,
And your sad bosom heaves a tender sigh;
But spare your tears, of this your heart assure,
Mine eyes enough for you and I procure;
So let no doubts your constant heart assail,
For none but you, FIDELIO, shall prevail.
Shou'd Heav'n advance me to the highest
sphere,

You only are, and ever shall be dear.
That gen'rous heart, which fought not gold,
but me,

Shall meet its equal, noble, gen'rous, free.
If fortune smiles I may again return,
And bid my just FIDELIO cease to mourn.
Our constant hearts, our willing hands shall
join,

Thy lov'd EUSEBIA shall be wholly thine.

But

But i
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YE

Whil

But if on earth we ne'er shall meet again,
 In this afflictive world of grief and pain;
 If Heav'n, all-wise, erects my nuptial bed,
 Within the peacefull regions of the dead,
 I hope to meet you in that world above,
 Where it will be adjudg'd no crime to love;
 Where fortune cannot frown, nor friends
 dismay,
 But all be joy through one eternal day.

O N T H E

MARRIAGE of Capt. A----
 To Miss R-----.

Y E Nymphs of Helicon, attend my lyre,
 While all the feather'd Choristers conspire,

In notes celestial to salute the morn,
When SYLVIA doth the nuptial rites adorn.
See Cupids, Sylphs, and Goddeffes descend;
Venus and all her gentle train attend;
While ev'ry fragrant flow'r appears in bloom,
And minds most penfive dissipate their gloom.
All happy in this nuptial joy to share,
And each congratulates the happy pair.
The happy pair who lock'd in Hymen's bands,
United hearts, ere they united hands.

ORENZO's heart, to martial fields enur'd,
Who all the hostile acts of war endur'd,
One tender look from SYLVIA quite disarms;
But where's the bosom can withstand such
 charms?

When beauty, grace, and innocence combin'd,
T' inspire the soul, and captivate the min'd.

Who

Who proof remains, 'gainst cannons, balls,
and fire.

May by one glance from SYLVIA's eyes ex-
pire.

Those lovely eyes emitted such a dart,
As made a conquest of ORENZO's heart;
A noble conquest, worthy of the fair,
Who in his future joys and grief will share.

How blest the swain, of such a bride
possest!

The nymph ally'd to such a swain, how blest!
Long may you live,—connubial life adorn;
Yea, live to bless the children yet unborn,
Live,—and no other emulation know,
But who the greatest tenderness shall shew;
And when fair SYLVIA feels a Mother's care
May she a Mother's consolation share;

May

May ev'ry tender branch that shall be giv'n,
Be fructify'd with all the gifts of Heav'n.

While SYLVIA, who by good example's
taught,

Whose mind is by maternal wisdom fraught,

With such instruction, as pursu'd through
life,

Will grace the mother and adorn the wife.

Fair SYLVIA will, with notions most refin'd,
Direct their steps, and cultivate the mind.

ORENZO too, with a paternal heart,

Will all that's useful, kind, or good, impart.

Thus, with each joy, and social comfort
blest,

Each morn they'll rise, and eve retire to rest.

Should duty, loyalty, or war's alarms,
Demand ORENZO from his SYLVIA's arms,

With

With rage redoubl'd, he'll engage the foe,
And sink them swiftly down to shades below;
Bid each the fatal consequences prove,
Who dares detain the Hero from his love.
Thus conqu'ring more by Cupid than by

Mars,

Fly to his fair triumphant from the wars;
Find in her virtuous arms that sweet repast,
Which lawless libertines can never taste;
Her ev'ry look shall joys sublime create,
And make a Paradife of his retreat.





ON THE
Death of Mrs. MAYBERY, of
B R E C O N,

Who died suddenly in the Absence of JOHN
MAYBERY, Esq.

AND can it be? and is her spirit fled?

Is dear OPHELIA number'd with the dead?

Are all the days of her probation past!

And is her die unalterably cast!

Heart piercing thought—flow tears from ev'ry
eye,

While ev'ry bosom rises with a sigh.

Ah!

What goodness, prudence, wisdom, laid in
dust!

Ah! Who the greatest Potentate can trust!

Where's he! could I each mortal's name
rehearse,

Who pow'r hath gain'd this sentence to
reverse.

Obdurate King—Insatiable Death!

Who thus a period puts to mortals breath;

By thy rude hand no deference is paid,

Greatness with indigence in dust is laid!

Destruction is essential to thy name,

And all thy direfull acts thy pow'r proclaim.

What hopes are spoil'd? What near con-
nections broke,

By this thy sudden unrelenting stroke?

The:

The life destroy'd, the valuable life
Of mistress, sister, daughter, mother, wife.

See her domestics who her goodness knew,
Pour forth the tribute to her merit due,
While weeping sisters bath'd in tears remain,
And sighing brothers scarce their grief sustain,
While tender, aged Parents' hearts o'erflow,
Nor joy nor rest, nor consolation know,
While duteous children, sent her by the Lord,
In fruitless tears the mournful day record.
And then behold, but ah! what heart can
guess

The grief profound, the depth of that distress,
Which seiz'd at once the partner of her bed,
When told his wife, his other self was dead

Trembling

Trembling methinks, with ev'ry thought
amaz'd,

Astonish'd at the messenger he gaz'd!

The vital stream congeals in ev'ry vain,

While scarcely spirits, strength, or life
remain.

Anxious at once the whole dread scene to
know,

Yet dreads to hear what will increase his woe.

At length inform'd—delug'd in grief he lies,

Nor hopes redress, but from his weeping eyes.

He calls the friendly tear to ease his grief,

But these recoil, nor deign to give relief.

Thus with an heart o'erborne, and spirits
broke,

He sinks beneath th' intolerable stroke.

He ruminates—at length the silence breaks,

And thus methinks, in pensive accents speaks;

E

Alas!

Alas! for me, my happier days are o'er,
I hear the voice—behold the face no more
Of her my friend, my best belov'd, my wife,
The joy, support, and comfort of my life;
The tender mother of my progeny,
The prudent mistress of my family;
How many useful years might she have spent,
To bless those children, which by Heav'n are
lent,

To guide their feet, inculcate filial fear,
While ev'ry look maternal love did bear?
Her sense with prudence order'd all within
When I, for weeks and months have absent
been.

My help-mate she, who with superior grace,
Adorn'd the mistress, wife, and mother's
place.

Thus

Thus mourns her spouse, while numbers swell
the cry,

Who knew her worth will not a tear deny;

A tear of sympathy from those distressed,

Whose wants her friendly hand so oft redrest.

And 'twere but just in those if in return,

With grateful tears they wash'd Ophelia's urn.

Thus shew the noble truly gen'rous few,

Th' unfeign'd respect to their lov'd mem'ry due.

To a Youth inclinable to gaiety at his
departure from the Author's family.

DAYS, weeks and months are gone and
past,

This morning ushers in the last,

The last,—that ever we, my friend,

May in one habitation spend.

But

But ere we part, my friendly muse

Wou'd kindly this precaution use.

You now are just in manhood's dawn,

And flow'ry prospects deck the lawn ;

Wealth, pleasure, strength, and length of
days,

With joyful hope, your mind surveys.

But let your heart receive this truth,

Ten thousand snares are laid for youth ;

Ten thousand sins, in pleasure's dress,

Each youth will to their bosom press.

One sin calls here, another there, }

And youth, too oft, incline an ear, }

The soft delusive voice to hear. }

Regard then this my parting breath,

Those flow'ry paths lead down to death,

And when you are from me remote,

With gay companions, void of thought ;

When

When you shall hear their tongues profane
The grate JEHOVAH's sacred name,
And you, perhaps, with them shall join
To imprecate the wrath divine,
Tho' no reproving friend is near,
Remember God himself is there.
Let recollection then relate,
What oft you've heard a friend repeat,
Conscience shall ev'ry truth attest,
And own each admonition just;
She will a faithful diary keep,
Tho' oft we think she's lul'd to sleep.
But ah!—should death your soul o'ertake,
You'd find the treach'rous dame awake;
But this obscure, this last sad day,
Youth shuns, and puts it far away.
But come, or soon, or late that hour,
We know we all must feel its pow'r,

This long expected period's come,
 As certain *that*, which seals our doom,
 Which stabs our vitals,—draws our breath,
 And closes up our eyes in death,
 Which makes us bid the world Adieu !
 And brings eternity to view,
 Which hails us partners of the sky,
 Or bids us down to horror fly ;
 Then shall your hearts these lines approve,
 And know that all I meant was love.

WRITTEN TO A FRIEND

On going to *ITCHEN*,

About five Miles from WINCHESTER, to see a Country
 seat belonging to the Duke of Chandos.

A Friendly party, of one mind,
 Were for a pleasure-day inclin'd,

Forsook

Forfook their beds on Thursday morn,
When each their person did adorn
With raiment proper for the day,
And in high spirits drove away.
The morn did a bad day portend,
Bid some unwelcome show'rs descend :
But fable clouds now disappear,
And azure decks the atmosphere ;
Phœbus expands his golden rays,
And all the rural sweets displays,
And that my friend the whole may know,
We to a place call'd ITCHEEN go ;
Where, with an honest batchelor,
We meet with good and hearty cheer.
Sincere, ingenuous, plain and free,
No needless compliment had he.
Each welcome, what he lik'd to chuse,
And each as welcome to refuse.

A while we after dinner sat,
Engag'd in inoffensive chat,
Then arm in arm, in pairs we stalk,
And to his Grace's mansion walk,
Here, each apartment we behold,
Doth something of the Duke unfold,
Magnificence decks ev'ry place,
And speaks the owner is his Grace.
Some ancient portraits caught my eye,
Which bid my bosom heave a sigh,
For ah ! those once lov'd forms with rep-
tiles lie.

When we had view'd the mansion o'er
Park, garden, fish ponds, and much more.
Our feeble frames begin to tire,
And some refreshment we require.
We now approach the humble cell,
Wherein our rustic friend doth dwell.
Here,

Here, fill'd with new ideas, we
Regale us with a dish of tea.
Some hours yet remain unspent,
And pleasure was our sole intent.
So that we may the same increase,
Resolv'd the chrystal stream to trace,
Forthwith into a boat we go,
And up and down the river row,
See the glad fishes frisk and play,
And seem as blest, and pleas'd as they:

Re-ent'ring now our friends retreat,
To make his bounty quite compleat,
A pleasant syllabud we find,
When each may drink, who is inclin'd.

Phœbus now hastens to the west,
We think to hasten home is best ;
So parting with our gen'rous friend,
Wishing each blifs may him attend,

Here,

Enter

Enter our carriage, drive away,
 Bestow encomiums on the day.
 None seem'd inclining to relent,
 Each had a day of pleasure spent;
 Thus chatting on, 'till we alight,
 And bid each other a good night.

Thankful, we all are safe and well,
 And that no ill has us befall;
 Each to their dwelling go their way,
 And thus concludes our pleasure-day.

A Poem, occasioned by a Lady's doubting
 whether the Author compos'd an Elegy, to
 which her Name is affix'd.

IF Lady B----- will condescend,
 To read these lines which I have penn'd,
 Perhaps

Perhaps it may her doubts confute,
And she'll no more my word dispute,
But own I may the Author be,
Of what she did on Sunday see.

You'd hate a base perfidious youth,
Such *my* disgust to all untruth.
A gen'rous mind is never prone
To claim a merit not her own,
I would disdain't' affix my name
To that, which is another claim.
Of beaut'ous form Heav'n made me not,
(Nor has soft affluence been *my* lot,)
But fix'd me in an humbler station,
Than those at court in highest fashion,
But there are beauties of the mind,
Which are not to the great confin'd;
Wisdom does not erect her seat
Always in palaces of state;

This

This blessing Heav'n dispenses round,
She's sometimes in a cottage found,
And tho' she is a guest majestic,
May deign to dwell in a domestic.

Yet, of this great celestial guest,
I dare not boast myself possess,
But this wou'd represent to you,
As Wisom does, the Muses do,
No def'rence shew to wealth or ease,
But pay their visits as they please.
Sometimes they deign to call on me,
And tune my mind to poetry ;
But ah ! they're fled, I'll drop my pen,
Nor raise it till they call again.





W R I T T E N

By Desire of a Mother on the
Death of an only Child.

AS with delight we view the op'ning rose
Expand, and all her fragrant sweets disclose,
So did MATERNA view her lovely maid,
In all the charms of innocence array'd.
Oft had her little all, her only child,
The tedious hour with pleasing chat beguil'd,
But Heav'n; all-good, and infinitely wise,
Remov'd this darling idol to the skies.

F

Ere

Ere her young heart had been *obdur'd* by
Or guilt, tormenting fiend, could bro
therein,

Ere she arriv'd at years that might destroy,
By one false step, a tender mother's joy.

Behold she soars to yon celestial fields,
Where ev'ry plant æthereal odour yields;
With pitying eye, methinks she looks be
Commiserates a tender mother's woe,
Bids her dejected heart from earth retire,
And all her future thoughts to Heav'n asp
Prepare, she cries,—prepare to meet
blest.

And join your SALLY in eternal rest





A

POEM for CHILDREN,

On Cruelty to the Irrational Creation.

Oh! what a cruel wicked thing,
For me who am a little King,*
To give my hapless subjects pain,
And make them groan beneath my regin.

Were I a chafer, and could fly,
Oh! should I not with anguish cry,
Should naughty children take a pin,
And run me through to make me spin?

F 2

Were

*See PSALMS, viii. vi.

Were I a bird, took from my nest,
Should I not think myself oppress'd,
If tofs'd about in wanton play,
'Till maim'd and faint I die away?

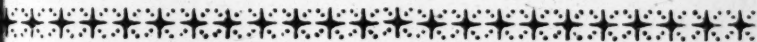
Now, and when I'm a bigger boy,
Let cruelty my heart annoy,
Because it is a dreadful evil,
That only fits me for the Devil.

If I must ought of life deprive,
The quickest way I will contrive,
To stop the tremb'ling victim's breath,
And give it little pain in death.

I'll not torment a dog or cat,
A toad, a viper, or a rat;
They're form'd by an Almighty hand,
And sprung to life at his command.

A bull, a horse, yea every creature,
 Of the most mild or savage nature,
 Were kindly given for my use,
 But never meant for my abuse.

Good men, thy holy word attests,
 Are kind and tender to their beasts;
 May I be merciful and kind,
 That I with thee may mercy find.



O N T H E

Death of Mrs. B L A K E,

Of CROCKHORN, who died in a Week after being
 delivered of the sixth Child.

W^hAT eye forbids a tear, what heart a
 sigh?

Fly some auspicious Angel, quickly fly!

A

F 3

The

The stroke too poignant is for man to bear,
If some celestial comfort be not there.
How anxiously the lov'd EUSEBIUS stands,
To Heav'n in pray'r lifts up his ardent hands,
That when the trying period shall arrive,
The dear AMATA be preserv'd alive.

At length the hour advances Heav'n seem
kind,

And lo! a lovely infant soon we find;
The dear maternal friend bids fair for life,
The fond EUSEBIUS views his lovely wife,
The living mother of a living child,
And all the husband all the father smil'd;
Joy fills his heart, love sparkles in his eyes,
And each foreboding thought before him dies.
His grateful heart ascends in praise to Heav'n
Whose goodness had this double blessing giv'n

Each

Each friend congratulates the happy pair,
And wishes in their mutual joy to share.

Life smiles on all, no trouble seems t'annoy,
But ah! sad change—How transient is the
joy?

Each heart where gladness sat—beneath the
stroke

Sinks to despair, and all its comfort's broke,
Her face, which yielded pleasure and delight,
At once turns pale and solemn as the night;
Gloom spreads around, her Sun withdraws
his rays,

And sets in the meridian of her days,
She meekly yields, sinks from the fondest
arms,

She dies!—and with her die a thousand
charms,

Earth

Earth seem'd unworthy of her longer stay,
 And Heav'n receiv'd her to celestial day;
 There she beholds the glories of her Lord,
 And all her virtues meet a full reward.

Written by the Desire of a Lady, on
 building of Castles.

BUILDING of Castles did commence,
 In days of old, for our defence,
 And usually erected were,
 Adjacent to the seat of war;
 Where blood and slaughter did abound,
 And drench'd with gore the thirsty ground;
 Where powder, darts, and bullets flew,
 Nor one relenting passion knew;

But

But winging through the smoak and fire,
Made thousands groan, bleed, and expire.

Castles were built firm and secure,
Wherein some treasure to insure ;
With cells and caverns dark, profound,
And walls impregnable around.
Its direful decorations are
The whole artillery of war ;
Cannons and muskets, swords and bombs,
Hangers and spears, and fises and drums.
Bullets, and every fit supply,
Wherewith t'attack the enemy.

Some castles too, of which we hear,
Are fabricated in the air ;
But these are of the mental kind,
The sole Construction of the mind.

We

We in these æther castles ride,
With all the equipage of pride,
And in imagination rise,
Superior monarchs of the skies.
One blast this edifice destroys,
Abortive are our promis'd joys.
Our ministry this castle built,
By which the blood of thousand's spilt;
Fancy'd a thousand men or two
Could all AMERICA subdue.
But thrice ten thousand cross'd the main,
A million's in the contest slain.
Yet, ah! fell castle, direful ill,
AMERICA'S unconquer'd still.

Castles are an imperfect plan,
Of that superior creature --- Man.

The

The body is a castle where,
The most intrinsic treasures are ;
Well fraught with arms for man's defence
As reason, recollection, sense ;
Which if we exercise aright ;
Put all our Enemies to flight ;
Spoil Envy with her pois'nous dart,
And wound Resentment to the heart ;
Bid Discontent and Anger fly.
And each unruly passion die ;
Subdue Distrust and black Despair,
And substitute Contentment there.
Thus conqu'ring, we superior rise
With shouts of vict'ry to the skies.
Where ev'ry Conqueror is blest,
In Castles of eternal rest.



T H E

AUTHOR personates the MOTHER

Viewing the Portrait of Mr. T. W. who was
then in the East-Indies.

LO! here the lovely portrait's seen,
But, ah! what oceans roll between;
What tracks of land, and deserts wild,
Divide me from my darling child!
Carnage, and Death triumphant reign,
Storms rise, and thunders roar in vain,
Nor rocks, nor racks, nor wars deter,
The daring bold Adventurer;
Disdaining affluence, peace, and ease,
He braves the horrors of the seas.

Tho

Thou, whose omniscient eye pervades
Celestial heights, and darkeſt ſhades,
Surveys at once each point of land,
And holds the ocean in thy hand,
Preſerve this brave adventurous youth,
And lead him to the paths of truth;
Still o'er his ev'ry thought preſide,
And bid his ſoul in thee confide,
Preſerve him, till each danger's o'er,
And land him on his native ſhore;
Then our exulting heart ſhall raiſe
A ſong of gratitude and praiſe,





ON HEARING

The Rev. Mr. R——D, read the

Morning Service, and preach in St. THO-
MAS'S Church, Winchester.

WHEN plac'd within the consecrated Ile
In pensive solitude I sat awhile;
At length with all the grace that Heav'n in-
spires,
All that solemnity the Church requires,
Began the sacred order of the day;
The Reverend R——D did each truth
convey,

With such an emphasis as must impart
A sacred pleasure to each pious heart,
With such a cadence he dismiss'd each clause,
As should enforce a God's eternal laws.
Not as some Priests, who run o'er ev'ry
Pray'r,
As tho' no truth, or soul, or God were there ;
The giddy hearer enters gay and vain,
And unaffected leaves the Church again ;
While lesser truths deliver'd on the stage,
Or even fictions, will each mind engage,
Because the player labours through his part.
To claim attention, and affect the heart.
If in a tragic character he moves,
And treats of deaths, or disappointed loves,
Then all the horrors consequence on death,
Part from his eyes, and speak in ev'ry breath,

Does he th' afflicted lover personate,
Then all that softer passion can create,
Solicitude—love—anguish—grief—despair,
Yea ev'ry sigh, and languid look is there,
'Till each spectator's eyes with tears o'erflow,
And thus concludes this scene of fancy'd woe.

But truth's eternal, sacred, and divine,
Where goodness, majesty, and justice shine;
Yea truths on which our future hopes de-
pend,

Truths which the most exalted mind tran-
scend;

That awful tragedy in which a God
Pray'd, agoniz'd, and bath'd the ground with
blood;

That tragedy from which the Sun withdrew,
Nor wou'd his crucifying Maker view;

That

That love,—stupendous love,—surpassing
thought,

Which paid our ransom, tho' so dearly
bought.

These truths sublime the audience coldly
hear,

Nor ever deign to drop a feeling tear;

While at the play each bosom heaves a sigh,

Lo! in the Church unmov'd they sit,—But
why?

The Priest to whom the Embassy is giv'n,

Who is the high Ambassador for Heav'n,

Treats sacred truth with cold indifference,

As tho' 'twere fiction, or impertinence.

Celestial themes, that move a Seraph's lyre,

Droop on his tongue, and on his lips expire;

While the wise Actor aims by his address,

Each fiction as undoubted truth t'impres.

G

Would

Would those Divines, whom love cannot in-
duce,

Whose languid hearts nor ardor can diffuse,
(Whose feet, perhaps, the church wou'd ne'er
frequent,

If not inspir'd by her emolument,)

Would even gain instruction from the stage,
By any means their audience to engage.

Left months and years should run their ample
round,

And when the Master comes, no fruit be
found,

No prodigal brought home, no sin subdu'd,
No Saint advanc'd in grace, nor mind re-
new'd

All's barren ground, when an incensed God
Will from the Priest require his people's
blood.

THE



THE GARLAND.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,

The vi'let sweet, and lily fair,

The dappled pink, and blushing rose,

To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place

Upon her brow the various wreath ;

The flow'rs less blooming than her face,

The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day :

And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,

That

THE

That in her hair ~~they~~ look'd more gay,
 Than glowing in ~~their~~ native bed.

Undrest at ev'ning, when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past,
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense, distinct and clear,
 As any muse's tongue could speak;
 When from it's lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
 My love, my life, said I, explain
 This change of humour: Pr'ythee tell;
 The falling tear—what does it mean?

She

She sigh'd; she smil'd; and to the flow'rs

Pointing, the lovely mor'list said,

See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,

See yonder what a change is made.

Ah! me, the blooming pride of May,

And that of beauty are but one.

At morn both flourish bright and gay,

But fade at ev'ning pale, and gone!

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung:

The amorous youths around her bow'd:

At night her fatal knell was rung;

I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who dy'd to-day,

Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:

Go, Damon, bid thy muse display,

The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

.LINES



LINES WRITTEN ON READING

STELLA's Account of the
Deceitfulness of Human Friendship.

How true the tale which Stella does re-
late,

Of treach'rous Love, and subtle Friend-
ship's guise!

A thousand Stella's can such woes repeat,
Yet triumph in the cause that made them
wise.

From *disappointment* cordial pleasures spring
Suff'ring and joy unsever'd *here* remain.:

The

The rose its thorn; the honey has its sting,
And ev'ry pleasure has its *sister* pain.

Yet till home-taught experience has impress'd,
The awful truth upon our bleeding heart;
Unmingled happiness we think possess'd,
Amidst the glare of nature and of art.

But nature's soil can ne'er produce the fruit
Which was alone for paradise design'd:
Pure love, in "God, in reason strikes its
root;"

Sincere and lasting, as it is refin'd.

Nor youth's fantastic fires, nor passion's flame:
(Imagination's wild prolific brood)

Av'rice, Ambition, honour, wealth, or fame,
Nobility or titles, birth or blood.

Not

Not these our blifs or greatness can restore:

In consentaneous found they all agree;

"We all are poor, as poverty is poor:

"True happiness can ne'er be found in
me."

Where then will Love, will sacred Love reside

Parent of joy, and source of pure delight

Is it to dust and vanity all'd

Will it with sin and misery unite?

Alas! she will not. Heav'n with heav'n com-
bines;

Christian and Belial never can agree,

For God has drawn th' insuperable lines,

And can't reverse his irrevers'd decret.

The courtier, statesman, hero, poet, sage,

Grac'd with deep learning or loquacious

Profou

Profound in Grecian or in Latin page;
Train'd up at Zeno's or Gamaliel's feet:

Renown'd in arms, and fam'd in councils,
clear,

Sagacious, prudent, enterprising, bold,
Determin'd, firm, assiduous, sincere,
Unaw'd by menace, and unbrib'd by gold.

Nor sounds, nor sights, nor fragrant smells,
nor taste;

Let art and fancy, fertile nature join:

The *good* alone in social love are blest,
And they who know it, know it all divine.

Let other bosoms glow with other fires,

And bask in fortune's or in beauty's ray:

Be mine the joy which piety inspires,

Be mine those charms which never will decay.

H

ON



O N

The Death of the Rev. Mr. W.

An eminent Minister of the Church of
England, who died in *New-England*, Sept.
30, 1770.

WHY doth all Nature wear an awful
gloom?

And why, alas! exults yon distant tomb?

Why doth a sable cloud the sky o'er-spread?

W----- alas! seraphic W----'s dead!

The Friend, the Christian, the approv'd
Divine,

The Saint in whom the life of God did shine

His

His tongue was touch'd with evangelic fire,
And heav'nly raptures did his soul inspire.
When forth into this World this Herald came,
Resolv'd to propagate IMMANUEL'S name;
To set his glory forth from pole to pole,
Were the capacious breathings of his soul.
He loudly did the Gospel trumpet sound,
Whilst thousands trembled as they stood
around ;

Proclaim'd the suff'rings of a dying God,
And pointing sinners to his pard'ning blood,
Enforc'd to all the great necessity
Of knowing this—" The Saviour dy'd for
me."

Thus was our nation blest'd with Gospel
truth,

Boldly deliver'd by this chosen Youth,

H 2

Who

Who, with an heart inflam'd with JESU's love,
Caus'd GOD to pour his blessings from above.
But did this Champion—this reverend Di-
vine

His glorious Mission to this isle confine?

No, no, his gracious Captain points his way
Beyond the seas, and W--- must obey;
For in his Maker's will he did rejoice,
Was all attention to his sacred voice.

When JESUS bade o'er raging seas to pass,
Through vast AMERICA to found his grace,
There, like an Herald for the bleeding Lamb,
He went, and did the Negroes souls inflame.
Shew'd Ethiopians their Redeemer nigh,
To cleanse their spotted souls from deepest
dye.

In such pathetic accents mov'd his tongue,
As rent and broke the very heart of stone.

Thus

P O E M S.

Thus did he found his Maker's praise abroad,
A lab'rer in the vineyard of his God.

But now, alas! his labours are all o'er,
The fields do eccho with his voice no more;
No more from his dear English friends he
parts,

No more returns to animate their hearts,
But leaves ten thousand thousands to deplore
The death of him, who lives to die no more.
Let things inanimate his worth proclaim!

And shout from sea to sea his wond'rous name!
O ye nocturnal luminaries tell,

What love for souls did in his bosom dwell!
Say, say what nights this advocate with God
Spent wrestling to avert th'impending rod.

Let fair AURORA in her turn declare,
How he preceded her by praise and pray'r.

Let churches, chapels, tabernacles tell,
Who e'er within their walls did him excel.
Let counties, cities, towns, and streets pro-
claim,
How faithfully he did the truth maintain.
Say winds and waves, how oft the Saint ye
toss'd,
When he for God the great Atlantic cross'd
And let the Continent abroad begin,
To tell what heav'nly news he there did
bring;
How he explained the love of JESU's heart,
'Till sinners with their ev'ry sin did part.
Hell trembled when this god-like man arose,
And all its votaries commenc'd his foes.
Say, Prince Infernal, how inhanc'd thy ire,
When JESUS did his W-----'s soul inspire

Whe

When like a flaming Seraph round he flew,
Thy works, thy cause, thy kingdom over-
threw?

Say ye celestial Angels, how ye fled,
On willing wings, to guard his favour'd head.
Say, ev'ry Saint, how did your hearts rejoice,
When e're ye heard the sound of W's voice;
Well might each bosom sigh, each Christian
weep,

When this seraphic Herald fell asleep.
But could we quit these tenements of clay,
And soar aloft into celestial day.
There faithful W. may at once be found,
With an eternal wreath of glory crown'd,
And shouting loud Hosannahs to that God,
Who made him more than conqu'ror thro' his
blood.

May

May we, like him, each breath for JESUS
spend,

Like W. persevere unto the end,

Like him, sail through this life's tempestuous
sea,

Fight the good fight, and gain the victory.

That, when the last tremendous trump shall
found,

We in the wedding garment may be found ;

With Angels, Saints, and favour'd W. meet,
And ever worship at Immanuel's feet ;

There sing the wonders of redeeming love,

With all the blood-bought company above.



ALCIDOR.



A L C I D O R.

W H I L E Monarchs in stern battle strove
For proud, imperial sway,
Abandon'd to his milder love,
Within a silent, peaceful grove,
Alcidor careless lay.
Some term'd it cold, unmanly fear,
Some nicety of sense,
That drums and trumpets could not hear,
The fulling blasts of powder bear,
Or with foul camps dispense.

A

P O E M S.

A patient martyr to their scorn,
And each ill-fashion'd jest,
The youth, who but for love was born,
Remaind,—that it was vast return
To reign in *Cloria's* breast.

But O, a ruffling soldier came
In all the pomp of war;
The Gazettes long had spoke his fame;
Now Hautboys his approach proclaim,
And draw in crowds from far.

Cloria among the rest would gaze,
And as she nearer drew,
The man of feather and of lace
Stop'd short, and with profound amaze
Took all her charms to view.

P O E M S.

A bow, which from campaigns he brought,
Down to his holsters low,
Her and the spectators taught,
That her the fairest nymph he thought
Of all that form'd the row.

Next day, or e'er the sun was seen,
Or any gate unbarr'd,
At her's, upon th' adjoining green,
From ranks, with waving flags between,
Were soften'd trumpets heard.

The noon does following treats provide
In the pavillion's shade,
The neighbourhood, and all beside
That will attend the am'rous pride,
All welcom'd with the maid.

Poor

P O E M S.

Poor *Alcidor*, thy hopes are crost !

Go, perish on the ground !

Thy sighs by strongest notes are tost,

Drove back, or in the passage lost—

Rich wines thy tears have drown'd.

In women's hearts, the softest things

Which nature could devise,

Are yet some harsh and jarring strings,

Which, when loud fame or profit rings,

Will answer to the noise.

Poor *Alcidor* ! go fight, or die !

Let thy fond notions cease :

Man was not made in shades to lie,

Or his full bliss in ease enjoy ;

To live, or love in peace !



On the First GENERAL FAST

AFTER THE

Commencement of the late War.

WHEN direful judgments pour in like
a flood;

And fields, alas! are drench'd with human
blood,

When armies after armies prostrate lie,

And brother, by his brother's hand must die,

When kingdoms seem to rise, or empire fall,

One great Omnipotent conducts it all,

I

And

And those have but a superficial scan,
Who view no higher origin than Man.

Be still, methinks I hear JEHOVAH cry,
Be still before your GOD, and know 'tis I!
'Tis I make peace, and I create stern war,
And ride to battle in my flaming car,
I guide the bullet, point the glitt'ring sword
Defeat, or conquest, wait my awful word.
But do I pleasure in destruction take,
Or have your sins not bid the sword awake?
Do not a nation's sad offences call
For national calamities to fall?

Great Sov'reign Lord, we own thy judgment
just,
And hide our guilty faces in the dust;
Rejoice to hear a day is sanctify'd
'T implore thy aid, and humble Britain
pride.

But may we not in this incur the rod,
And make a solemn mockery of God?
To abstain from food, to take our prayer-
books,
And walk to church with evangelick looks;
To bend the knee, or move the lips in
prayer,
If all the heart be not engaged there,
Is empty shew, a poor external part,
While God, the omniscient God, demands the
heart;
And should we fail in this grand sacrifice,
The whole will be offensive in his eyes.
Descend, celestial Dove, with holy fire,
And pure devotion ev'ry soul inspire.
May vital pray'r, express'd by ardent sighs,
Ascend to God, and penetrate the skies.

Let

Let all the nation thus with fasting turn,
 And hearts sincere, their past transgression
 mourn;

Then is eternal truth engag'd to blefs,
 And crown our joint petitions with success.

.....

The Author being requested on a Sunday
 Evening, by a Company of gay Ladies, to
 write a few Lines of POETRY instantane-
 ously, she accordingly presented them with
 the following.

WHEN you, good Ladies, bad me write
 My drowsy muse had taken flight,
 But ere she reach'd her mossy bed,
 I gave a call, and back she fled.

I humbly ask'd her what to say,
She answer'd—" On a sabbath day,
" If you presume to write a line,
" Be careful that it is divine,
" For know that every word and thought
" Shall be to strictest judgment brought,
" And what is now transacted here,
" Shall to unnumber'd worlds appear;
" When earth shall from her center fly,
" And stars desert the blazing sky,
" When frightened souls in vain shall call
" For rocks and hills on them to fall.
" Then let this day and night be spent,
" As in that day you'll not repent."





TO SOLITUDE.

THOU gentle nurse of pleasing woe!
 To thee from crouds, and noise, and show,
 With eager haste I fly;
 Thrice welcome, friendly solitude!
 O let no busy foot intrude,
 Nor list'ning ear be nigh!

Soft, silent, melancholy maid!
 With thee to yon sequester'd shade,
 My pensive steps I bend;
 Still at the mild approach of night,
 Where *Cynthia* lends her sober light,
 Do thou my walk attend.

To thee alone my conscious heart

Its tender sorrow dares impart,

And ease my lab'ring breast;

To thee I trust the rising sigh,

And bid the tear that swells mine eye

No longer be suppress'd.

With thee, among the haunted groves,

The lovely forc'refs fancy roves,

O let me find her here!

For she can time and space controul,

And swift transport my fleeting soul

To all it holds most dear!

Ah no! ye vain delusions, hence!

No more the hallow'd influence

Of solitude pervert!

Shall

Shall fancy cheat the precious hour,
Sacred to wisdom's awful pow'r,
And calm reflections part?

O wisdom! from the sea-beat shore,
Where, list'ning to the solemn roar,
Thy lov'd *Eliza* strays;
Vouchsafe to visit my retreat,
And teach my erring, trembling feet
Thy Heav'n-protected ways.

Oh, guide me to the humble cell
Where resignation likes to dwell,
Contentment's bow'r in view;
Nor pining grief with absence dear,
Nor sick suspense, nor anxious fear,
Shall there my steps pursue.

There

There let my soul to him aspire
Whom none e'er sought with vain desire,
Nor lov'd in sad despair!

There to his gracious will divine,
My dearest, fondest hope resign,
And all my tend'rest care.

Then peace shall heal the wounded breast,
That pants to see another blest,
From selfish passion pure;
Peace, which when human wishes rise,
Increase, for aught beneath the skies
Can never be secure.





A

P O E M,

Occasioned by hearing prophane Cursing and
Swearing at the Time of the American war.

AND can we wonder, if the sword
Is plundg'd in Brothers blood?
If threat'ning vengeance flies around
From a tremendous God.

When daring sinners thus presume
His anger to provoke,
When daily with impunity
His dread command his broke.

Wha

What
No
Who
Or
Yet in
An
Invok
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An

What hath eternal truth declar'd,
None guiltless shall remain,
Who swears by ought in Heaven or Earth,
Or takes his name in vain.

Yet imprecations fill our streets,
And bold blasphemers dare
Invoke damnation from above,
And by JEHOVAH swear.

Their impious breath pollutes the air,
Omnipotence defies,
Compels a long forbearing God,
In judgment to arise.

What! trifle with that sacred name,
Whose goodness gives us breath!
Or justice smites our feeble frame,
And chains us down in death.

Will

P O E M S.

96

Will not incens'd Majesty
In vengeance lift his hand,
And bid deserved judgments fall
On such a guilty land.

O when will sinners cease from sin,
And call for blessings down?
Then shall the sword be sheath'd again,
And laurels deck the crown.



Th
The f
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No
Save t
Sav



On W I N T E R.

Wrote some Time in Winter.

THE sun far southward bends his annual
 way,
 The 'bleak north-east wind lays the forest
 bare,
 The fruit ungathered quits the naked spray,
 And dreary winter reigns o'er earth and air.
 No mark of vegetable life is seen,
 No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call ;
 Save the dark leaves of some rude ever-green,
 Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown
 wall. K Where

Where are the sprightly scenes by spring sun-
ply'd,

The may-flow'r'd hedges scenting every
breeze ;

The white flocks scatt'ring o'er the mountain
side,

The wood-lark warbling on the blooming
trees ?

Where is gay summer's sportive insect-train,
That in green fields on painted pinions
play'd?

The herb at morn wide-pasturing o'er the
plain,

Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow
shade.

Where is brown autumn's evening, mild and
still,

What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance
yields ;

What time the village peoples all the hill,

And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest
fields ?

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,

To former scenes, that little pleas'd when
here !

Our winter chills us, and our summer burns,

Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless fancy flies,

Where Indian streams through green savan-
nahs flow ;

Where brighter suns, and ever tranquil skies,

Bid new fruits ripen and new flow'rets blow.

Let truth these fairer, happier lands survey!

There half the year descends in wat'ry
storms;

Or nature sickens in the blaze of day,

And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain
deforms.

There oft, as toiling in the maizey fields,

Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,

His joyless life, the weary lab'rer yields,

And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of nature free from nature's
strife?

Who dreams of constant happiness below?

The hope-flush'd ent'rer on the stage of life;

The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.

For

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by false hope in search of many a joy ;
I find on earth's bleak clime no blest abode,
No place, no season, sacred from annoy.

For me, while winter rages round the plains,
With his dark days, I ll human life compare :
Not those more fraught with clouds, and winds,
and rains,
Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O whence this wond'rous turn of mind, our
fate !

Whate'er the season or the place possess,
We ever murmur at our present state ;
And yet the thought of parting breaks our
rest.

Why else, when heard in evening's solemn
gloom,

Does the sad knell, that, sounding o'er the
plain,

Tolls some poor lifeless body to the tomb,

Thus thrill my breast with melancholy pain?

The voice of reason echoes in my ear,

Thus thou, e'er long, must join thy kindred
clay :

No more this breast the vital spirit share,

No more these eye-lids open on the day.

O winter, round me spread thy joyless reign,

Thy threat'ning skies in dusky horrors drest;

Of thy dread rage no longer I'll complain,

Nor ask an EDEN for a transient guest.

Enough

Enough has heav'n indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat ;
Enough has heav'n ordain'd of useful woe,
To make us languish for a happier seat.

There is who deems all climes, all seasons fair,
There is who knows no restless passion's
strife ;

Contentment, smiling at each idle care ;
Contentment, thankful for the gift of life.

She finds in winter many a scene to please,
The morning landscape fring'd with frost-
work gay,
The sun at noon seen through the leafless trees,
The clear, calm ether at the close of day.

She

She bids for all, our grateful praise arise

To him whose mandate spake the world to
form ;

Can spring's gay bloom, and summer's chearful
flocks,

And Autumn's corn-clad field, and winter's
founding storm.

E P I T A P H S.

On a YOUNG MAN, who died Three Days
after he was married.

ALL flesh is grass—Important truth !

Nor dare we boast of health or youth,

The nuptial bed I scarce had trod,

Ere summon'd forth to meet my God,

Compell

Compell'd to leave my weeping bride,
Sunk from her tender arms, and dy'd.

Another—On A YOUNG LADY.

BEHOLD ye thoughtless, young, and gay,
What I am now, ye shortly may.
I preach whilst here I mould'ring lie,
And this my text—*Prepare to die!*

Another—On An AMIABLE WIFE.

SHE's gone!—the dear companion of my
bed,
And with her ev'ry earthly bliss is fled;
An empty world is all I now can boast,
With her my ev'ry wish and joy was lost.

On



On hearing the TOLLING of a BELL, in a
very unhealthy Spring, when great Num-
bers were called to Eternity.

WHAT do I hear—or fancy that I hear?
(As long accusom'd to the doleful sound)

The tolling of yon melancholy bell!

Which has for weeks and months, incessantly,

Some dreadful story in my ears rung and,

And with repeated strokes alarm'd the town!

Alas! tis more than fancy——Hark! it
strikes!

Yea more, in language most emphatical,

It speaks!—My inmost soul with horror fills.

What does the dread but true informer say?

What

What doth it intimate, or what declare ?

Not that some valliant chief, mighty in arms,
Returns, with honour and with conquest
crown'd :

Nor that a noble heir is lately born,

Whose birth makes joyful his glad parents
hearts,

And proves perhaps a blifs to future days :

Nor that the nuptial knot has just been ty'd
Between some happy pair, who mutually
Agree to spend their future days in love's
Embrace—Nor is it what wou'd be less pleas-
ing,

That some intolerable woe is near,

If an expedient be not quickly found

T'avert, or dissipate th' impending stroke;

For were it thus, each may allay his grief,

And with a peradventure quell the sigh.

But

But ah! it leaves us not one glimpse of hope,
More than portention in its voice is heard.
It tells us that the fatal dart is fled,
Lodg'd in the vitals, in the heart, or head,
Of some one of the race of fallen Adam:
And that an awful separation's made,
The spirit forc'd from her clay tenement,
Prepar'd, or unprepar'd, away she's fled,
To stand before the heart rein-trying God.
And now her die eternally is cast
In sad perdition, or in endless bliss.
In vain ten thousand arts would now combine
Ten thousand briny show'rs be pour'd in vain
Or all the treasures of the Indies brought,
To make the soul resume her wonted seat,
Or actuate th' inanimated clay.
Such is the conquest, such the pow'r of death

Who daily some new trophy doth erect,
To shew how universally he reigns.

O thou inimitable King of Terrors!

Shall none escape from thy voracious jaws,

But wilt thou still continue to destroy,

Nor heed what age, what quality, or sex?

The tender babe, the great, the wise, the
good,

The hoary head, the mean, the weak, the
vile,

Are all by thee, alike, reduc'd to dust!

Destruction is essential to thy nature,

And formidable is thy very name.

But oh! my soul, why ragest thou at
death?

He is but the vicegerent of his God,

Nor did he ever give the mortal wound,

L

Until

Until the fatal mandate had been seal'd,
And sent from the tremendous court of
Heav'n:

And then, indeed, obsequious to his God
And deaf to all the cries of sinful man,
At once he executes his dread command.
'Tis Heav'n's decree, since thy first parent
finn'd,

(And dost thou at the just decree repine?
That ev'ry soul of man should pass through
death.

So, if thou tracest matters to their source
That monster Sin was the efficient cause
Of all calamities, of ev'ry death;
Of that for which I now hear yonder knell
Which brings this secret horror o'er
heart.

Sin

Sinner awake, the deathly signal hear,
 Regard it as a monitor to thee !
 A gracious call, a special voice from heav'n !
 But ah ! Death's visits now so frequent are ;
 Men laugh at Death, and lightly of him deem !
 Though dead in sin, and enemies to God,
 They think to meet him with an air of
 triumph ;
 Nor ever dream, that at his dread approach,
 Ten thousand horrors will at once awake !
 Conscience, though stiff'd till that very mo-
 ment,
 Will, like some potent prince, victorious rise,
 And act the part for which it was design'd.
 Open the book of records, and arrange
 In dread array * before the sinner's mind,

L 2

Ten

* A law term as well as a military.

Ten thousand times ten thousand past trans-
gressions!

Which had for years as in oblivion laid,
(Then blacken'd with the love of slighted
grace,)

Will all appear — distract the guilty mind,
And drive the frantic soul to deep despair.

Then with a fearful looking for death,
She dies — and sinks into the dark abyss,
Nor ever knows a period to her pains.
For still, and still, and still, 'tis “wrath to
“come!

O then, vain man, “work while 'tis call'd
“to-day,”

Bethink thyself, before it be too late,
Fall quickly to soliloquy, and say —
Am I not mortal, like my fellow-creature?

And

And can I call one inch of time my own,
Or boast myself in the approaching hour?
With great celerity my moments fly,
Surely my days will shortly find a period!

Suppose it now! — Bring Death's pale aspect near,

See him and his concomitants advance!

Fancy the well-aim'd arrow on the wing, —

Sev'ring thy soul from all terrestrial things!

To stand before the great tremendous Judge,

Whose piercing eye hath taken cognizance

Of ev'ry thought, and word, and act, unjust,

By thee committed, but by thee forgot!

Lo! the minutest has not miss'd his notice,

Nor slipt the mind of the eternal all.

How stands thy soul affected at the
thought?

L 3

Ah!

Ah! is there not a something that recoils
And wishes to postpone the fatal hour?

This argues all is not aright within :

And that if death should find thee as thou
art,

Thou wouldst not die, as doth a bird, or
beast,

Who are not annihilated at their death,
But dying, die, and die, and never die.

O then redeem thy time, to JESUS fly,
With speed take shelter in his bleeding
wounds,

Who only takes away Death's poignant sting
And turns the ghastly monster to a friend
Make sure thy int'rest in the bleeding lamb
Nor let him rest, until he speaks thee peace
Then come whatever may, come life
death,

To live will then be CHRIST, to die be gain.
Death will be more desir'd by thy soul,
Than all the honours that the world be-
flows :

For by his friendly hand thou'lt part with sin,
And from a world of sorrow, grief, and
pain,

To the immediate presence of thy God.

There bask in seas of uncreated blifs !

In extacies to worms on earth unknown !

With Angels and Arch-angels, sweetly join,

To sing the praises of a Triune God.



An



An HYMN for CONSECRATION, sung
at the opening of the Countess of H's
Chapels in *Brecon, Worcester, &c.*

COME JESUS! come and blest this place!

'Tis open'd in thy name;

Descend with show'rs of heav'nly grace;

And consecrate the same.

Eternal GOD, our pray'r attend;

Diffuse thy love around:

As to the burning bush, descend

And make it holy ground!

Bid each the man of sin put by!

As Moses did of old

His

His shoes put off, when he drew nigh,
Thy glory to behold.

Lord, let thy glory fill this place,
Yea fill each sinner's heart :
Come thou incarnate Prince of Peace,
And never more depart.

In vain we are assembled here,
If JESUS does not come :
Appear, thou bleeding Lamb, appear,
Let every heart make room !

Within these walls let thousands, Lord,
Thro' grace be born of thee ;
And in this place thy name record
'Till time no more shall be.

His

Now

Now, Saviour, now thy work begin,

Thy potent arm display :

Let some poor rebel dead in sin

Be made alive to-day !

Call some poor wand'rer by thy grace,

Who knew thee not before :

So shall we bless thee for this place

When time shall be no more.



On hearing the Rev. Mr. B—— from

PSALM 65, 2.

O thou that hearest Prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

WITH calm attention lo ! I heard,
My heart the sage divine rever'd,

While

While he with holy zeal explain'd
The gracious words the text contain'd.
I'll bid the Muse the theme prolong,
And form the substance in a song.

To God the Lord shall man repair
By public and by private pray'r;
Thus humbly his dependance own
On thee, thou infinite, unknown.
Where two or three are met in pray'r;
Lo! God has promis'd to be there;
He's there a present help to bless
Crown each petition with success
Or in his wiser way our wants redress.

If warm'd by pure devotion's fire,
We to our closet should retire,

There

There, unperceiv'd by human eye,
Pour fourth to God our plaintive cry,
Or send before the throne a contrite sigh,
Lo! he'll on wings of love descend,
And to our various wants attend.
Here we may get our hearts renew'd,
And each unruly lust subdu'd:
Here virtue draws from JESU's blood,
And hold sweet intercourse with God:
Here we may all our griefs reveal,
Nor one belov'd sin conceal;
For, e'er we speak, Omniscience knows
What all our words and tears disclose?
Then some celestial cordial gives,
And lo the contrite sinner lives.

Not all the wealth the Indies own,
Crowns, or the most exalted throne,

Should

Should counterpoise the bliss of pray'r,
When God is by his presence there.
In pray'r seraphic joys we find,
Which quite transform the earthly mind.
The man who always, ere he pray'd,
From the bright path of duty stray'd.
Lo! now he gladly runs therein,
And hates the garments stain'd by sin.

This change is in himself alone,
For changes are to God unknown,
(Fixt as his own eternal name).
To-day and yesterday the same:
With endless glory to reward
Each humble follower of the Lord;
And fix'd his purpose to disdain
The soul who will in sin remain;
M Who

Who flights the offers of his grace,
And never bows to seek his face.

As soon may man by air exist,
Or brutes without their food subsist;
The feather'd warblers live in floods,
Or the finn'd tribes amid the woods;
As soon may Satan burn with love,
Or God a fount of envy prove,
As shall the soul to heav'n ascend,
Who without pray'r his days shall end.

When man has misimprov'd his time,
And spent his youth, and health, and prime
Only his God to disobey,
When death advances, he may pray;
But then his pray'r may be in vain,
God justly may his suit disdain;

He may, 'tis true, his grace extend,
And ev'n in death commence his friend :
So let the dying not despair,
But, oh ! let all the living fear ;
For, on an awful chance depends
A world of bliss, that never ends.
God may accept, — and he may not —
He may thy name for ever blot
Out of his book of life divine,
And thy sad soul to hell consign.

nd.

ime,

l prime

y ;

Then form your hearts, in health, to pray,
Nor let appearances dismay
Your seeking souls : — Though good men
lie
On beds of languishment, and die ;
And though the wicked seem to rise
On tow'ring pinions to the skies,

M 2

Think

Think not the just has no reward,
Or is forgotten by his Lord,
Or that his wrath does not remain
On those who do his grace disdain :
The wicked live but to fulfil
The direful measure of his ill ;
Each day still makes the sinner worse,
And life by sin becomes a curse ;
The greater his iniquity,
The more his punishment will be.
The good man dies, leaves earth and pain,
A crown of glory to obtain ;
And if through life God try'd his grace,
'Twas but his glory to increase.

Let man before his God be still,
Pray with submission to his will :

If what we ask be for our good,
Twill not be by our Lord withstood ;
But if he e'er our suit denies
Twas wrong — for he's immensely wise.
Nature would ask for health and rest,
When pain and sickness may be best ;
Our drossy nature to refine ; —
If so, be pain and sickness mine.
The chast'ning rod I'll ne'er despise,
Tis a rich blessing in disguise.

Be thus resign'd and passive found,
In works of holiness abound.
Let ev'ry word, and work, and thought,
Be into strict obedience brought ;
But here beware of a mistake,
Lest that be fatal which you make.

Think not by this thy Heav'n to gain,
Or all thy righteousness is vain;
Nought but a Saviour's precious blood
Can give thy soul access to God;
Nought but his spotless righteousness,
(And not thy works) must be thy dress.
'Twas he that first thy soul inspir'd,
Thy heart with pure devotion fir'd;
He gave thee faith, and faith's increase;
Purchas'd thy pardon, seal'd thy peace,
And bid thee live and grow in grace.
He is the first, and he alone
The last the great, and corner stone;
Who builds upon this rock shall stand,
Who builds without it, builds on sand;
And be his fabric ne'er so tall,
'Twill in the day of trial fall.

Then

Then wou'd you live and learn to die,
Live holy, yet your works decry ;
And only hope a feat above,
Thro' boundless grace and dying love.



On RETIREMENT.

BEAR me, ye friendly powers, to peaceful
scenes,

To shady bowers, and never-fading greens,
Where the shrill trumpet never sounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard, nor clash of arms.
Unenvied may the laurels ever grow,
That never flourish but in human woe :

If

Then

If never earth the wreath triumphal bears,
Till drench'd in heroes' blood, and orphans'
tears.

Hail, ye soft seats ! ye limpid springs and
floods,

Ye verdant meads, ye vales, and mazy woods,
Ye limpid floods, that ever-murmuring flow,
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow;
Ye shady vales, where cooling zephyrs play;
Ye woods, where untaught warblers tune their
lay !

Here grant me, heav'n, to end my peaceful
days,

And steal myself from life by slow decays ;
With age, unknown to pain or sorrow, blest,
To the dark grave retiring, as to rest ;

While

While gently with one sigh this mortal frame,
Dissolving, turns to ashes whence it came;
While my freed soul departs without a groan,
And joyful wings her flight to worlds unknown.

Ye gloomy grots, ye awful, solemn cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
Guard me from splendid cares, from tiresome
state,
The pompous misery of being great!
Content with ease; ambitious to despise
Lustrious vanity, and glorious vice.

While the calm hours steal unperceiv'd
away,
Come, thou chaste maid; here let me ever
stay;

Here

Here court the muses, while the sun on high
Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires the sky:
Or while still night's dark wings the globe sur-
round,

And the pale moon glides on her solemn round.
Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
Those radiant worlds that float in ambient air:
Or when Aurora, from his eastern bowers,
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flowers,
Reclin'd in silence on a mossy bed,
Consult the learned volumes of the dead;
Fall'n realms and empires in description view,
Live o'er past times, and ancient days renew.

Charm me, ye sacred leaves, with noble
themes,
With opening heavens, and angels rob'd in
flames.

Ye

Ye restless passions, while I read, be aw'd:

Hail! ye mysterious oracles of God!

Here I behold, how infant time began!

How the dust mov'd, and quicken'd into man!

There tread on hallow'd ground, where angels
trod,

And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with
God:

Or hear the voice to slumb'ring prophets given,

Or gaze on visions from the throne of heaven!

O N

I N G R A T I T U D E.

I N G R A T I T U D E — thou sin accurst,

Of ev'ry sin pronounc'd the worst;

Detested

Ye

Detested weed, where'er thou art found,
Infernal poison swells the ground.

Christians, who at perfection aim,
Or to its sacred heights attain,
God-like, in all they act or say,
Injuries with kindnesse repay.

Heathens, who led by nature's rays,
Nor ever blest with gospel days,
By nature's dictates understood,
'Twere just to render good for good.

Brutes, that of reason ne'er possess,
Can act no higher than a beast ;
Led by their own revengeful will,
Will doubtless render ill for ill.

nd, But thou accurst, where'er thou art,
Conscience will know and point the dart :
Thou who repayest *good* with *evil*,
Art only equall'd by the devil.

A N

H Y M N F O R A C H I L D,
WHO HAD LOST ITS FATHER
OR MOTHER.

O THOU, who once didst children bless,
And take them in thy arms ;
Defend the infant, fatherless,
And guard my feet from harms.
Thou canst the loss of friends supply,
And turn to good each ill ;

N

Though

Though ev'ry friend should fail or die,
Thou art all gracious still.

Thy wisdom and thy pow'r I own,
For all thy ways are just ;
The prince — thou raisest to his throne,
Or lay'st him down in dust.

May I obey thy sacred word,
In these my infant days ;
Grow up in all things like my Lord,
And learn to lip his praise.

So shall I find thy promis'd rest,
When this frail life is o'er,
And meet in my dear Saviour's breast
My friends fled hence before.

ON THE
DEATH of the Author's Mother,

Mrs. CAVE, of BRECON,

Who died February 6, 1777.

and I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me,
 write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,
 from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they
 may rest from their labours; and their works do
 follow them. — Rev. xiv. 13.

TIS done, — 'tis God has call'd her, — I

submit,

and humbly own that best which he thinks fit.

Oh! when first I heard the direful news,

my wounded soul all comfort did refuse,

I felt — I sunk beneath the stroke,

with very grief my vital spirits broke.

N 2

I view'd

I view'd the dear-lov'd face, consign'd to death,
And heard her bless me with her parting breath
My heart was full, and in my grief I cry'd,
" Oh! that I had with my dear mother dy'd;
A thousand of her soft endearing words
Flew to my mind, and pierc'd my heart like
 swords.

She gave me birth, and more than twenty years
I've been the object of her anxious cares.
Thro' helpless infancy she sav'd from harms,
And nurs'd, and bore me in her tender arms.
She sympathiz'd in all my pain and grief,
And would have borne it all for my relief.

And is that precious life for ever o'er?
And shall I love maternal love no more;
In vain this vast terrestrial ball I trace,
I view no more that lovely, dearest face:

No

No more her tender, Christian letters see,
Nor hear how oft she wept and pray'd for me.
Oh! worst of days, that has bereft of life,
So dear a mother, and so lov'd a wife.

Where shall I go to ease my burthen'd heart!
Where find a friend, who'll with me bear a part?
Alas! there's none — O let me weep and sigh!
I'll mourn and wail my loss until I die!

Thus Nature felt and spoke; for Reason fled,
And Faith and Hope lay bury'd with the dead;
But there's a God, a never-failing friend,
Whose pity, love, and goodness, know no end.
I knew him such, I to his foot-stool flew,
And found his promises were firm and true.
He heard my sad complaint, he gave relief,
And bade me rise superior to my grief.

Hush — Nature — then I cry'd, nor more
complain,

She only left a world of grief and pain,

To enter mansions of eternal rest,

To live and reign with God, for ever blest.

How patient in affliction, how resign'd,

How meet for glory was her peaceful mind!

She welcom'd death, and said, *Lord, quickly come.*

And take me hence, I long to be at home.

She blest her house, and bid them cease to weep,

Then, with a smile, in CHRIST she fell asleep.

Hail then, dear saint in thy immortal joy!

In bliss superlative, without alloy.

Live with thy God, nor let my partial mind

E'er wish thy stay from joys so unconfin'd;

But let my grateful heart in praise ascend,

To that all-gracious, all victorious friend,

Who guided, lov'd, and kept thee to the end.

A B I R T H -



A

B I R T H - D A Y
R E F L E C T I O N .

R E T U R N ' D I see my natal day,

(Important time to me,)

When heav'n inform'd the lifeless clay,

And gave it life to be!

I live to see another year,

But what for God is done?

Ye transient scenes again appear,

And tell how time has run.

My

My infant days pass'd heedless by,
Nor more than instinct knew :

Till reason's slowly opening eye
Could form th' idea true.

Beneath my parents tender care

Securely I abode ;

They shew'd me virtue's path, how fair,
Though intricate the road !

E'en then in secret have I sigh'd
To run the heav'nly race ;

And oft my feeble heart has cry'd,
“ Give me, O Lord, thy grace !”

But transient as the morning cloud,
When shines the op'ning day ;

Or as the dew, my early good
Soon vanished away.

Pleasure's

Pleasure's soft call allur'd my heart,
The festive dance and song;
While the tragedian's 'specious art
Made the enchantment strong.

Yet still, amidst these mingled sweets,
The conscious tear would rise;
And Wisdom whisper'd, "Earth admits,
"Of no substantial joys.

"Know, mortal life is but a stream,
"And pleasure but a shade:
"The bliss you now pursue 's a dream,
"And like a dream will fade."

'Tis just, I've said, I will be wise,
My folly Lord forgive;
And I to-morrow will arise,
And to thy glory live.

The

The morning came, fresh health arose,

My spirits gay and free ;

O God, I soon forgot the vows

That ev'ning gave to thee !

By sickness then, almighty Lord,

Thou oft has warning giv'n ;

And death (that time shall be deplor'd)

Snatch'd a lov'd friend to heaven.

I here review'd the mercies past,

And there the lifted rod,

Which brought me to the arms at last

Of my redeeming God.

I broke from all I lov'd before,

I bade the world farewell,

I told my friends I could no more

In tents of cedar dwell.

To

To thee, O Pow'r Supreme, to thee
The glory now I give,
That I permitted am to see,
Thy blifsful face and live.

That Love, that all-victorious grace!
Ere youth's gay scene is o'er,
Fast binds me in its kind embrace,
And rules the dang'rous hour.

O say to my exulting soul,
From this day will I blefs;
Thy future life in peace shall roll,
And thou shalt die in peace.

L O V E;

L O V E ;

T' H E

ESSENCE of RELIGION.

NOT every one who crieth Lord,
Or hear, or pray, or preach thy word,
Wilt thou in God-like accents own,
Or hail as partners of thy throne.

What! if this sect or that I join,
Believe my party most divine ;
Vain will my warmest notions prove,
If absent from my heart, thy love.

What!

What ! if with Calvin I agree,
Or to Arminian doctrines flee,
I still remain a child of sin,
If love does not preside within.

Let bigots for the shell contend,
In idle controversies spend
Their precious time, whose zealous fire
And notions (not thy love) inspire.

With me let names and parties fall,
Thy love, my sov'reign God, my all ;
The substance this : — Of this possess,
Mid flaming worlds I stand confess.

O

O N



ON THE
PREVALENCE of SIN

COME thou all-prevailing Spirit,
Come, and teach me how to pray;
Intercede for JESU's merit,
Wash, and take my sins away.
How much need of that atonement
Hath a guilty soul like me?
Who am not one fleeting moment
From some sinful passion free.

Sin, where'er I go, I find it,
Find it woven in my heart;

thy cross, O Jesus! bind it,
Sin destroy, and grace impart :
like weeds, for ever springing,
Doth the soil throughout defile ;
my life's a life of sinning,
Jesus, save me; I am vile.

s, I sin in ev'ry action,
Sin in ev'ry word and thought ;
can't pray without distraction,
Sin, on all I do, is wrote.
When I to my closet enter,
Seeking peace in JESU'S blood,
As thought intrudes the Tempter,
Drives, or draws, my heart from GOD.

us while I am prostrate lying,
While my lips in pray'r move,

O 2

While,

While, with seeming ardour crying,
For redemption from above;
Lo! I find, at that dread instant,
My vain heart is rov'd away,
Wander'd off, on something distant,
And my lips alone do pray.

Then abash'd, I silent wonder,
Why is such a rebel spar'd?
Why not cast amongst that number,
In eternal chains reserv'd?
Then with joy and shame confounded,
I exult in fovereign grace;
Grace which hath to me abounded,
Me, the worst of Adam's race.

Lord, if I forget to praise thee,
Let my tongue forget to move;

JESU,

JESU, to thy likeness raise me,
 Let me all thy goodness prove;
 Let my guilt be now absolv'd;
 My whole nature sanctify;
 Lord, I long to be dissolv'd;
 Make me meet, and let me die.

A N

ELEGY on a MAIDEN NAME.

ADIEU, dear name, which birth and na-
 ture gave —

So! at the altar I've interr'd dear Cave,
 For there she fell, expir'd, and found a grave.

JESU,

O 3

Forgive

Forgive, dear spouse, this ill-tim'd tear or
two,

They are not meant in disrespect to you.

I hope the name, which you have lately giv'n,

Was kindly meant, and sent to me by heav'n.

But, ah! the loss of Cave I must deplore,

For that dear name the tend'rest mother bore.

With that she pass'd full forty years of life,

Adorn'd th' important character of wife.

Then meet for bliss, from earth to heav'n re-
tir'd,

With holy zeal and true devotion fir'd.

In me what blest my father may you find,

A wife domestic, virtuous, meek and kind.

What blest my mother may I meet in you,

A friend, an husband — faithful, wise and true.

Then

Then be our voyage prosperous or adverse,
No keen upbraidings shall our tongues re-
hearfe ;

But mutually we'll brave against the storm,
Remembering still for help-mates we were born :
Then let rough torrents roar or skies look dark,
If love commands the helm which guides our
bark,
No shipwreck will we fear, but to the end,
Each find in each a just, unshaken friend.

.....

WRITTEN a few HOURS

Before the BIRTH of a CHILD.

MY God, prepare me for that hour,
When most thy aid I want ;
Uphold me by thy mighty power,
Nor let my spirits faint.

I ask

I ask not life, I ask not ease,
But patience to submit
To what shall best thy goodness please ;
Then come what thou seeest fit.

Come pain, or agony, or death,
If that's the will divine ;
With joy shall I give up my breath,
If resignation's mine.

One wish to name I'd humbly dare,
If death thy pleasure be ;
O may the harmless babe I bear
Haply expire with me.

THE



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The following lines were not intended for publication, nor would they have been inserted here, but in compliance with the request of several friends. They were composed by the Author, previous to the birth of her first child; — written and sealed with her own hand, and committed to the care of her friends, that in the case of the mother's death, and the child's living till a proper age, it might be presented therewith.

T O

M Y D E A R C H I L D,

DEAR sinless babe, whose peaceful room
Centers within thy mother's womb;

Whose

Whose mind's unspotted, spirit pure,
As happy (doubtless) as obscure.

Whom having never seen, I love,
And breath my ardent soul above,
That Heav'n its richest gifts may give
To thee, my infant, should'st thou live.

What unknown cares obstruct my rest,
What new emotions fill my breast!
I count the days so oft retold,
E'er I my infant can behold.
Thought after thought intrudes a dart,
And strange forbodings fill my heart.

Perhaps the day, which gives you life,
Deprives Eusebius of his wife;
And you for circling years may spare,
Who ne'er will know a mother's care.

Perhaps

Perhaps some rude-ungentle hand
Thy infant footsteps may command ;
Who, void of tenderness and thought,
Too harshly menaces each fault.
Oh ; thought too poignant ! may'st thou die,
And breathless with thy mother lie.
But dare I Heav'n designs o'er throw ;
Come, resignation, quickly flow ;
Say, to fond Nature's fears be still,
And bow me to the Almighty will.

Perhaps I yet may live to see
My child grow up, and comfort me.
And if I die --- perhaps my shade
My darling footsteps may pervade.
Sleepless myself, thy eye-lids close,
And guard thee whilst in soft repose :

And

And if you e'er attain thirteen,
These lines may by my child be seen ;
For then your mind may comprehend
What once your anxious mother penn'd.
Here I would ev'ry wish impart,
And ope my darling all my heart.

I wish the child, I call my own,
A soul that would adorn a throne !
With keen sensations, soft, refin'd,
A noble, but an humble mind.
Be courteous, prudent, humble, wise,
Each friend's instruction always prize.
And if you're cast in learning's way,
Improve each moment of the day,
And grasp at knowledge whilst you may.
With richest freight your memory store
And prize it more than golden ore.

For riches you may loose and spend,
But knowledge is a lasting friend.

Be strictly honest, strictly just,
On no pretence betray your trust.

If any to your breast confide

A secret — there let it abide.

Whate'er you promise bear in mind,

Each promise should to action bind.

From low deceits and falsehoods fly,

Nor dread a serpent as a lie.

For should you e'er the name acquire

As some I've known, — a common liar,

A common thief, my child, would be

By far more excellent than thee.

In some you'll find a constant flame

To vilify their neighbour's name;

In

P

But

But mark that woman, mark the man,
And shun their converse if you can :
For such, as thus dispos'd, you see
When thou art gone, speak ill of thee.
But, if with such obliged to meet,
Like prudence, shew yourself discreet ;
And if you're urg'd, as oft I've known,
To join with them to cast a stone.
Rather appear to know it not
Than help thy neighbour's name to blot.
Thus you may find evasions good,
Well tim'd, and rightly understood ;
But 'twould be wrong should you conceal
Faults which obstruct your neighbour's weal
And doubly wrong if you evade,
What known would honour — not degrade.
Hence your own judgment must disclose
When to conceal, and when expose.

Are any plac'd beneath your care,
Of proud austerities beware ;
Let ev'ry word and action prove
You'd win their services by love.
Be soft and gentle, tender, mild,
From the servant to the child ;
O, let each insect, bird, and beast
Within your sphere, your goodness, taste.
Must you destroy a worm or fly ?
With quickest motion let it die :
Nor let a creature e'er complain
You gave one moment's needless pain.

They but a savage heart expose,
Who trifle with a reptile's woes.

What e'er you want, to God make known,
I meet, — your wishes are your own ;
Take him your confidant alone.

His laws obey, his voice attend,
And then you'll never want a friend.

T O

M Y C H I L D,
I F A S O N.

I F you, my son, should e'er incline
In Hymen's careful bands to join,
Observe the maid who suits your heart,
But ne'er your mind to her impart
'Till you have view'd her o'er and o'er—
Her life and character explore,
Know if you can her mental store:
And if you find the maid is she
Who may through life your help-mate be,

-11

Then court her heart, with honour court,
Nor dare to make a nymph thy sport.
With ardour seek — her love obtain —
Then to desert, and give her pain,
Involve in grief, who had been free,
Content, and happy, but for thee ;
D, Who, mov'd by sympathy alone,
To ease your heart, gave you her own.
And, when the conquest you discover,
Safely neglect, or seek another,
The vilest miscreant on the road,
Who haunts the desert and the wood,
Who hazards life for what he gains,
— For wins an heart with all his pains ;
— But flies, pursu'd, o'er gate and stile,
Commits no action half so vile ;
And should I live — such conduct know
te be, you, my son — my tears would flow, —

Myself would seek to ease her grief,
And bid thee fly to her relief.

T O

M Y C H I L D,

I F A D A U G H T E R.

S H O U L D ev'ry grace your face adorn,
And elegance compose your form,
In this no lasting worth you'll find, —
That's beauty — which adorns the mind:
This well enrich'd — unspotted — pure,
Will peace through life and death insure.
External beauty has no charms
If disengag'd from Virtue's arms.

If, when arriv'd to blooming years,
A suitor for your heart appears, —
To tell my Harriot how to choose,
Whom to accept and whom refuse,
I own a task beyond my pen,
For such the deep deceits of men,
And such their power o'er female hearts,
We cannot penetrate their arts.
Their tempers and defects they hide
Till they obtain the wish'd-for bride.
And then they cast the veil aside.
Thus after each prevention taken,
Too oft we find ourselves mistaken.

But this I will be bold to say,
If any one his dull address should pay,
Who wants politness, grace, or sense,
Or tinctur'd with extravagance ;

What

What — though he whines, and weeps, and
fighs,

And vows, without your love he dies,

At once reject the worthless youth,

He knows no love — 'Tis all untruth.

For Love's exalted streams ne'er flow,

In souls so abject and so low.

Though he may thousands boast a year,

Reject him — for 'tis bought to dear.

For should you e'er in wedlock dwell

With such a man — your life's an hell.

Hope not — 'tis vain, — his bent to turn,

Too late you will your folly mourn.

Your softest words and tears are lost,

Your hopes and fondest wishes cross;

As soon you'll wash an Ethiope white,

As make him worthy your delight.

The

Then shun the snare, my counsel prize,
Lest sad experience make you wise!

(L E T T E R.)

My dear Child,

THE preceding poem is the effect of your mother's anxious concern for you, who are as yet unborn. Should I die at your birth, or before you arrive at years of knowledge, I hope when you receive this poem (which will be at a proper age) you will not be contented by acquiring it in theory till you have reduced the sentiments it contains to practice. Then will you find yourself beloved and esteemed by all the truly virtuous and good,

and

and above all, (which should be your chiefest concern) will gain the approbation of God and your conscience. Also will shew a due respect to the words and ashes of your deceased parent, whose daily study (had she lived) would be to inculcate those sentiments into your infant mind as soon as she found you capable of receiving them.

I here give you my blessing, and may you indeed be blessed with wisdom, grace, and principles of the strictest honour. To see you thus enriched would be my highest happiness, should I live; and if I die, be the prayer in death of

Your affection Mother,

J—— W——.

S E N T



S E N T T O A

L A D Y on her B I R T H - D A Y.

O H! be thou blest'd with all that Heaven
can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a
friend.

Not with those toys the female race admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire ;
Not as the world its pretty slaves rewards,
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards :
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young, wanting lovers ; old, to want a friend :
A sop their passion, but their prize a sot ;
Alive, ridiculous ; and dead, forgot,

Let

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
 With the gay conscience of a life well spent,
 Calm every thought, in spirit every grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face,
 Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
 Till some soft dream, or extasy, of joy,
 Consign thee to the sabbath of the tomb,
 To wake in raptures in a life to come!

E P I G R A M.

*On being asked, What is the greatest Blessing on
 Earth?*

PEACE, health and strength, food, raiment,
 and content;

A heart well managed — and a life well spent:

A soul devoted and athirst for God:

Courting his smile — but patient of his rod:

Each

Each day more fit to breathe its latest breath,
And then the most alive, when nearest DEATH.

T O

S Y L V I A, P E N S I V E.

T ELL me, Sylvia, why the sigh

Heaves your bosom? why the tear
Steals unbidden from your eye?

Tell me what you wish or fear?
Providence, profusely kind,

Wherefo'er you turn your eyes
Bids you, with a grateful mind,

View a thousand blessings rise.
Round you affluence spreads her stores,

Young health sparkles in your eye,

O

Tenderest,

Tendereſt, kindeſt friends are yours,

Tell me, Sylvia, why you ſigh?

'Tis, perhaps, ſome friendly voice

Softly whiſpers to your mind,

“ Make not theſe alone your choice,

“ Heaven has bleſſings more refin'd.

“ Thankful own what you enjoy;

“ But a changing world like this,

“ Where a thouſand fears annoy,

“ Cannot give you perfect bliſs.

“ Perfect bliſs reſides above,

“ Far above yon azure ſky;

“ Bliſs that merits all your love,

“ Merits every anxious ſigh.”

What like this has earth to give?

Oh! my Sylvia, in your breaſt

Let the admonition live,

Nonon earth deſire to reſt.

When

When your bosom breathes a sigh,
Or your eye emits a tear,
Let your wishes rise on high,
Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

T H E

DYING CHRISTIAN'S
RESIGNATION.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame

Quit, O quit this mortal frame,

Hoping, trembling, ling'ring, flying,

O! the pain, the bliss of dying;

Cease fond nature, cease thy strife;

And let me languish into life.

Hark!

Hark! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit come away.

What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight;
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul, can this be death.

The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring,
Lend, lend, your wings — I mount, I fly
O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy sting!

T H E E N D.